

Short Poetic Dream 20201224052105373424

Texts Used: The Wasteland by T.S. Eliot

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

or with his nails hell dig it up again!

so rudely forced; yet there the nightingale

filled all the desert with inviolable voice

mame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,

had a bad cold, nevertheless

is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

we think of the key, each in his prison

thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

only at nightfall, thorial rumours

what are the roots that clutch, what branches grow

out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
i never know what you are thinking. Think.

i think we are in rats alley
sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
memory and desire, stirring
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

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i think we are in rats alley
where the dead men lost their bones.
and here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
or under seals broken by the lean solicitor

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we think of the key, each in his prison
thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
memory and desire, stirring
dull roots with spring rain.

i never know what you are thinking. Think.

i think we are in rats alley
prison and palace and reverberation
of thunder of spring over distant mountains

or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
we think of the key, each in his prison
thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
only at nightfall, thorial rumours
she turns and looks a moment in the glass,

hardly aware of her departed lover;

her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

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revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

spread out in fiery points

revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

myata: The boat responded

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

over the tumbled graves, about the chapel

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
in our empty rooms

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
and on her daughter
sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
we think of the key, each in his prison
thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
only at nightfall, thorial rumours

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
but at my back in a cold blast I hear
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
she turns and looks a moment in the glass,

hardly aware of her departed lover;
her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
mame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
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o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
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only at nightfall, therial rumours

lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

memory and desire, stirring

dull roots with spring rain.

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sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
prison and palace and reverberation
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sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

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silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

over the tumbled graves, about the chapel

there is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.

in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

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i never know what you are thinking. Think.

i think we are in rats alley

where the dead men lost their bones.
or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
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myata: The boat responded
what are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
you cannot say, or guess, for you know only
in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
there is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
footsteps shuffled on the stair.
under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
she turns and looks a moment in the glass,
hardly aware of her departed lover;
her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
he passed the stages of his age and youth
entering the whirlpool.

gentile or Jew

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

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of thunder of spring over distant mountains

he who was living is now dead

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we think of the key, each in his prison
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o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
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they wash their feet in so water
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sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
but at my back in a cold blast I hear
the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter

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he passed the stages of his age and youth

entering the whirlpool.

gentile or Jew

so rudely forced; yet there the nightingale

filled all the desert with inviolable voice

and still she cried, and still the world pursues,

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

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